

# Lowkey Lyrics

"Dear Listener"

*[Verse 1:]*

This is for my people that miss me, I know you needed this  
Every single stroke could append is a stroke of genius  
Other than my cd, you ain't heard a flow as deep as this  
Every verse should be treated like the mona lisa is

And yeah you might have the upper hand, if we're speaking dough  
And yeah I understand that you get "G" for shows  
But all you've ever done is boast, with your feeble flow  
My music's touch more peoples souls than I could even know

My whole heart, that's what I give to my fans  
A listener's tear is worth more than a mil in my hand  
All you talk about is flipping grams and triggers that bang  
Me, I consider lyricism, a privilege fam

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better  
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter  
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me  
Lowkey, Double P, Yours Truly

(I feel, so hear)

*[Verse 2:]*

This is for those praying through hell, till they're in paradise  
I cry blood for the children of palestine  
My life's left me so emotionally paralyzed  
I couldn't even cry in a funeral where my nana died

My words are swords, have served their cause like a samurai  
Cameras spy on the average guy weaving through traffic lights  
These are savage times, expand your mind and analyze  
Don't glamorize the gangsta life, like these other rappers might

Haters stay around me like, satellites orbit  
You don't want to see the pair of guys I strategize war with  
Peoples army work it, you batty guys forfeit  
Not jamaican but I'm eating aki like swordfish

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better  
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter  
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me  
Lowkey, people's army, yours truly

(I feel, So hear)

*[Verse 3:]*

I told the world about my issues and the things I went through  
In this game it's undeniable I'm influential  
The strength of my mental, is making other spitters tremble

All I needs a piece of paper, a pencil, and instrumental

I didn't settle till I took it to a different level  
Gripping metal and flipping pebbles, you sided with the devil  
I see you flossing in your video that looks a rental  
That little bezel around your neck don't make you flippin' special

I'm quite high when I am writing my rhymes  
Like I am mike tyson on a fight night in his prime  
I'm like einstein, got it all precise in my mind  
With the mic I'm like? most violent times

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better  
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter  
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me

Lowkey, Mongrel, Tours Truly